THEATRE WORLD

FOR THE INFORMATION OF MEMBERS
Theatre Members 10/- per year

Announcements of Productions of the

ARTS THEATRE

appear regularly in the Daily Telegraph, Evening Standard, Evening News, Star, Sunday Times and Observer

ARTS THEATRE

GREAT NEWPORT ST. W.C.2 (TEM. 3314)

AMBASSADORS THEATRE

Commencing August 24th

HERMIONE BADDELEY **HENRY KENDALL**

FOR LOVE OR MONEY

with Tod Slaughter

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE (Whitehall 6606)

Evenings 7.15 Wed. 2.30 Sat. 5.30 & 8.30

BRIGADOON

LONDON'S GAYEST MUSICAL

"LAVISHLY SPECTACULAR" Daily Express

HIPPODROME (Ger. 3272)

Twice Nightly at 6.15 & 8.50

The Sensational and Spectacular

FOLIES BERGERE REVUE

From Paris

LONDON PALLADIUM (Ger. 7373)

Evenings 6.15 and 8.45 Wednesdays 2.30

Aug. 7th Grand Panto Holiday Programme

DONALD PEERS, ETHEL SMITH World's famous Organist **NICHOLAS BROS., MAX BYGRAVES,** etc.

Aug. 21st LENA HORNE & Big Supporting Company

PRINCE OF WALES (Whi. 8681)

Evenings 5.15 and 8.45 p.m.

THE NEW YORK FUN & DANCE SHOW

"TOUCH AND GO" with Big Anglo-American Cast

VAUDEVILLE Strand Tem. 4871

Evenings 7.30 Saturdays 5 & 8 Tuesdays 2.30

Robert NEWTON **Rosamund JOHN**

in Patrick Hamilton's

G A S L I G H T

H. M. TENNENT Ltd

(For times of performances see Announcements in the Press)

APOLLO

George & Alfred Black & H. M. Tennent Ltd.

RONALD SHINER BERNARD LEE WILLIAM HARTNELL

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO

by Hugh Mastrizzo

COLISEUM

H. M. Tennent Ltd. in association with Leland Hayward

TYRONE POWER

MISTER ROBERTS

by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan

Based on the Novel by Thomas Heggen

CRITERION By arrangement with Bronson Albery

YVONNE ARNAUD CHARLES VICTOR

TRAVELLER'S JOY

A Farcical Comedy by Arthur Macrae 2nd Year

WYNDHAMS

Aug. 1. Rex & E. F. Cliff with H. M. Tennent Ltd. present **RALPH RICHARDSON**

HOME AT SEVEN

by R. C. Sherriff

STOLL THEATRE The Stoll Theatre Ltd. presents

OKLAHOMA!

Now in its **4th YEAR**

TENNENT PRODUCTIONS LTD

(In association with the Arts Council of Great Britain)

ALDWYCH

BETTY ANN DAVIES BONAR COLLEANO

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

by Tennessee Williams

DUCHESS A Company of Four Production

By Arrangement with Frith Banbury Ltd.

JANE BAXTER HERBERT LOMAS

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

By Wynyard Browne

GLOBE

MARGARET RUTHERFORD

Cecil TROUNCER **Audrey FILDES** **David HORNE**

PAUL SCOFIELD

RING ROUND THE MOON

By Jean Anouilh Translated by Christopher Fry

HAYMARKET

GODFREY TEARLE WENDY HILLER

THE HEIRESS

Now in its 2nd year

Definitely Closing on 19th August

Opening 23rd August

EILEEN HERLIE LESLIE BANKS MARIE NEY RONALD WARD

in

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

by Arthur W. Pinero

LYRIC HAMMERSMITH

A Company of Four Production

The English Opera Group Production of

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

by John Gay

Realised by Benjamin Britten

Wherever smoking is permitted – **ABDULLAS FOR CHOICE**

LONDON'S LARGEST STAGE SUPPLIERS
FOR TARLATAN, SATINS, SATEENS, NETS AND ALL FABRICS FOR STAGE AND THEATRICAL COSTUMES
See Current issue of Stage for latest Prices

LEFF & JASON
EST 1921
89-91 MIDDLESEX ST. LONDON E1
Telephone BIS 4011, 7496
Trains and Buses to Liverpool Street Station

THE ARTS CLUB · SHEFFIELD

FULL LENGTH PLAY COMPETITION
PRIZE £10 10 0 AND PRODUCTION

ENTRY FEE 10 -
CLOSING DATE 15th NOVEMBER 1950

All details from the Hon. Treasurer
MISS O. M. BROWN
115 STUBLEY LANE - DRONFIELD WOODHOUSE
Nr SHEFFIELD

THREE ACT PLAYS

WHO'S BOSS ? 5m. 5f.
1 set. A comedy on political interference in business

MR JONES' SYSTEM 4m. 5f.
1 set. A comedy on what happens when you win the "pools"

MURDER DONE 4m. 4f.
1 set. A girl defends her shell-shocked husband

All women one act plays
THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER 4f. Drama
ON A PEDESTAL. 5f. Drama
WARNING TO WIVES. 8f. Comedy
VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE. 8f. Drama
RESPECT FOR THE DEAD. 8f. Drama

Copies sent on approval
E. W. BRIDGEN
Universal Stores · Barnards Green · Malvern

WEBBS THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS
ARE DRESSING OUR NEXT PRODUCTION
Tel: WILlesden 2121
and HAMpstead 0369

Costumes
Wigs
Greasepaints

12B HIGH ROAD
WILLESDEN GREEN
LONDON N W 10

ROCKLIFF

FANNY KELLY of Drury Lane
by BASIL FRANCIS

Charles Lamb immortalised the "divine plain face" of Fanny Kelly. This theatrical biography spanning from Mrs Siddons to Irving, is a heroic story of devotion to the stage and of pioneer efforts to better actresses' conditions. Illustrated with prints and letters, colour frontispiece, and playbill endpapers.

16s. 6d. net.

DONALD BROOK
PAGEANT OF ENGLISH ACTORS

"Enthralingly written . . . a book that a lover of the theatre will not willingly miss."—Western Mail

"Very readable and exceedingly useful for reference." Nottingham Journal

Illustrated 16s. net.

ROCKLIFF PUBLISHING CORP. LTD.
SALISBURY SQUARE · LONDON

A MAKE-UP PROBLEM NOW SOLVED
"LIP-COTE" LIP-COTE is a clear, quick-drying liquid designed to protect and hold your lipstick.
It's on every women's lips
FROM BOOTS, LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES OR DIRECT FROM B.G.P. (COSMETICS) LTD. 37 CHESHAM PLACE, LONDON S.W.1

August calls for

PIMM'S No.1

The Romans named this month after their Emperor, Augustus, borrowing a whole day from September to make August as long as grand-uncle Julius' month, just past. It can borrow the time, enjoy this really august drink — an imperial half-a-pint of Pimm's.

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH

★

Stage Lighting

By Frederick Bentham. Foreword by Robert Nesbitt. Starting with the all-important fundamentals this new book covers the entire technical background of modern stage lighting as well as the scenic and artistic effects that are the ultimate object of the study.

Illustrated. Price 35/- net.

Pitman

PARKER STREET - KINGSWAY - LONDON WC2

THE TUDOR ACADEMY OF ARTS

The Junior Residential Academy of Dramatic Art and Dancing. Comprehensive Training for Girls from 10 to 18 years in all branches of Drama and Stage Technique, Verse Speaking, Singing, Ballet and Tap, Fencing. All recognised Exams. Sound Education to Higher Schools.

Prospectus & Particulars from Secretary:
Huntington House, Hindhead, Surrey
Phone: 495

Dining Out . . .

LEONI'S

QUO VADIS RESTAURANT

[illegible]

Table Reserved [illegible]

[illegible]

"Lucullus" "I know of no better place to dine and no wine of better than the Quo Vadis restaurant."

EVELYN LAYE

26-28 DEAN ST., LONDON W1

Telephone GERRARD 4809

And NEW YORK 26 EAST 63rd STREET

Prop.: Bright and Gino

STRATFORD COURT Restaurant

Lunch Table d'hote 3/6 Afternoon Tea 2/6
Dinner 6/6 Theatre Supper 6/6
Also a la Carte
Fully licensed Open Sundays

350 OXFORD ST., LONDON W1

Telephone MAyfair 7474

STAFFORD HOTEL St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. Exclusive and intimate for Luncheons, Dinners and Theatre Suppers. Telephone: REGent 0111.

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE
visiting Town for the theatres stay at

WEST COURT PRIVATE HOTEL

EARLS COURT S W 5

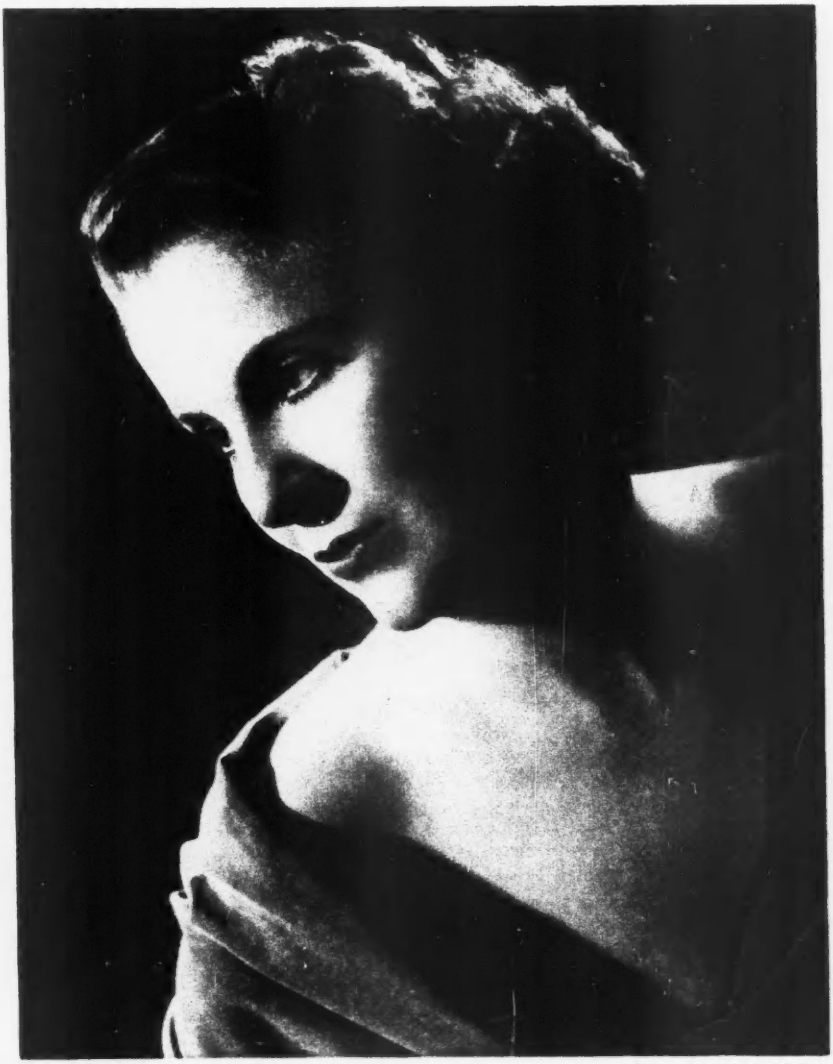
Telephone FRObisher 6492

QUIET
COMFORTABLE
CONVENIENT
(one minute Tube)

B & B 14/6—no surcharge
Big reduction for double rooms

VOL XLVI NO 307 AUGUST 1950

THEATRE WORLD



Picture by Angus McBean

Diana Wynyard

who returns to the West End to star in *Captain Carvallo*, Denis Cannan's new comedy which Laurence Olivier is presenting at the St. James's Theatre on 9th August. James Donald plays the title role. The play was originally seen at the Bristol Old Vic earlier this year and acquired by Sir Laurence for presentation.

STILL MORE PRAISE FOR THE THEATRE BOOK CLUB

Here is a selection from the many tributes received:

"The Club is a great success and I look forward to further publications." M. W. SPICE.

"Thank you for yet another excellent choice." P. BACHELOR.

Our September selection is **PRESENT INDICATIVE**, NOEL COWARD'S provocative autobiography, a best seller in the author's own inimitable style. 431 pages, with 31 illustrations. Originally published at 12s. 6d.

MEMBERS OF THE THEATRE BOOK CLUB BUY BOOKS PUBLISHED FROM 25s TO 12s 6d FOR

ONLY 7s EACH

plus 6d. for postage and packing

Future selections include:

SYBIL THORNDIKE, by RUSSELL THORNDIKE. 320 pages, with 17 full page illustrations. Published at 21s.

THEATRE WORLD ANNUAL. With 156 pages of illustrations. To be published at 15s.

Copies of the following past selections are available to new members:

THE OTHER THEATRE, NORMAN MARSHALL'S able exposition of the "Little Theatre" movement. 240 pages, with 46 illustrations. Published at 15s.

OLD VIC DRAMA, by AUDREY WILLIAMSON, with a foreword by DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE, contains 228 pages of dramatic history, 71 illustrations, and was published at 25s.

I DO WHAT I LIKE, by W. A. DARLINGTON. This autobiography of a leading critic has 366 pages, with 7 pages of illustrations, and was published at 15s.

Each alternate month members receive an outstanding book associated with the Theatre. These books, which are complete and unabridged, are printed in clear, modern type, on good paper and with an attractive binding. It costs nothing to join. There is no membership fee. The books remain your own property. The saving in one year is £3 1s. 6d.

FILL IN THIS FORM NOW!

To THEATRE BOOK CLUB

1 Dorset Buildings, Salisbury Square, E.C.4

Please enrol me as a member of the Theatre Book Club. I agree to purchase the six books chosen by the Club at the special price of 7/- each plus 6d. for postage and packing. Also I agree to continue my membership thereafter, but in the event of my wishing to cancel at any time after 12 months (6 books) I undertake to give four months' notice in writing.

I enclose remittance for £2 2s. for one year's subscription (6 books)
I enclose remittance for £1 2s. for six month's subscription (3 books)
I enclose remittance for 7s. 6d. for my first book

Delete whichever does not apply.

NAME
State Mr., Mrs. or Miss (BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

Overseas members must remit at least £1 2s. in advance

You save money, time and postage by sending an annual or six months' subscription in advance.

1365

Theatre World

(Incorporating PLAY PICTORIAL and THE AMATEUR STAGE)

Editorial and Advertising Offices:
1 DORSET BUILDINGS
SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET
LONDON E.C.4 (Central 1555)

Vol. XLVI
No. 307

Subscription
13/- per year
post free

Edited by Frances Stephens

August 1950

EDINBURGH'S fourth International Festival of Music and Drama opens on Sunday 20th August with a concert by the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française of Paris. The season will end on 9th September and among the plays to be seen will be new works by James Bridie (*The Queen's Comedy*) and Eric Linklater (*The Atom Doctor*). The Old Vic Theatre Company are presenting *Bartholomew Fair* and the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre are staging the Reverend John Home's *Douglas*. Ballet will be given by the Ballet Theatre Incorporated of New York and the Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo. Glyndebourne Opera will again appear at the Festival and under their Director, Carl Ebert, will present two new productions, *Ariadne aut Naxos* and Hofmannsthal's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* as well as Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* in Italian.

It has also been announced that the Old Vic Theatre, damaged by enemy action in 1941, is expected to re-open early in November. A distinguished company has been gathered together for the 1950-51 season, which will be extended to the end of July 1951 as part of the Festival of Britain. Peggy Ashcroft, Roger Livesey, Alec Clunes, Ursula Jeans, Robert Eddison, Mark Dignam, William Devlin, Paul Rogers, Pierre Lefevre, Pauline Jameson and Nuna Davey are included, and the plays scheduled for production are:

Henry V, *Twelfth Night* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*; and Sophocle's *Electra*, together with Chekhov's *The Wedding*.

Among productions not reviewed this month which have been recently produced

Over the Footlights

in the West End, are Noel Coward's *Ace of Clubs* at the Cambridge, starring Pat Kirkwood and Graham Payn, the American play *Mister Roberts* at the Coliseum with Tyrone Power in the lead, Benjamin Britten's version of *The Beggar's Opera* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and the Dublin Abbey Theatre Company's production of *They Got What They Wanted*, with Liam Redmond, at the Embassy.

Always Afternoon, which is reviewed in this number, transferred to the Garrick on 31st July. Unhappily, Martha Graham's Dance Season at the Piccadilly was cancelled owing to an injury to Miss Graham herself, but we hope to welcome her again next year.

August will bring a number of new productions, including *Captain Carvallo* at the St. James's; *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, starring Eileen Herlie, which will follow *The Heiress* at the Haymarket on 23rd August, *For Love or Money*, which follows *Fallen Angels* at the Ambassadors on the 24th, with Hermione Baddeley, Henry Kendall and Lod Slaughter in the cast, and a revival of *Rosmersholm* at the St. Martin's on 22nd August, in which the Swedish actress Signe Hasso will appear as Rebecca West with Robert Harris and Edward Chapman also in the company. On August 2nd a new play by Roger MacDougall will be presented at the Arts called *The Gentle Gunman*.

The phenomenally successful season at Stratford which is reviewed in this number is now to be extended until Saturday 28th October. Both Mr Gielgud and Miss Ashcroft must leave the company on 30th September, however, Mr Gielgud to appear in America and Miss Ashcroft to join the Old Vic Company.

F.S.

PERIOD and MODERN JEWELLERY FOR HIRE

ADD PERFECTION OF DETAIL TO YOUR PRODUCTION

CONSULT THE THEATRICAL JEWELLERS

Robert White & Sons

57/59 Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 8237

ARMOUR FOR HIRE

SPANGLING and EMBROIDERY

New Shows of the Month

"**Macbeth**"—Arts, [illegible] June.
"**Seagulls Over Sorrento**"—Ap[illegible] [illegible] June.
"**Golden City**"—Adelphi, [illegible] June.
"**The Merchant of Venice**"—Open Air, [illegible] June.
"**Black Ey'd Susan**"—[illegible] [illegible] June.
"**Shepherd's Warning**"—[illegible] [illegible] June.
"**The Dish Ran Away**"—Whitehall, [illegible] June.
"**Always Afternoon**"—Embassy, [illegible] July.
"**Doctor Morelle**"—Q, [illegible] July.
"**Heartbreak House**"—Arts, [illegible] July.
"**Haddock's Eyes**"—New Lindsey, [illegible] July.

"Macbeth" and "Heartbreak House"

ALEC Clunes celebrated his one-hundredth production at the Arts Theatre Club with a most interesting revival of *Macbeth* in which he himself played the title role. The chief interest of this rendering, which was skilfully attuned to the size of stage and theatre, was the new emphasis placed on Lady Macbeth's reactions to the tragic events of the play. One could very well imagine Margaret Rawlings, with her compelling voice and vivid personality, dominating the strongest of Macbeths, but in this case we had the unusual experience of seeing Lady Macbeth losing her nerve soon after the murder of Duncan. Thereafter every dreadful event tore her body and soul, so that we are not in the least surprised at the anguish of her sleep-walking and early death. In the banqueting scene particularly the full weight of her despair was obvious, and even the slightly fantastic size and arrangement of table and chairs seemed to reflect Lady Macbeth's sense of the nightmarish rather than her lord's horror at the sight of Banquo's ghost.

Alec Clunes' Macbeth on the other hand drew strength as the play wore on and conveyed rather the mounting recklessness of an over-preening tyrant than the murderer driven on by fear. His habit of speaking his soliloquies full face to the audience and out of the play at the front of the stage served to emphasise this interpretation. His weakest moments, strangely enough, came with the final incidents of the play and the fight with Macduff was not so impressive as others we have seen.

Mr. Clunes' company was consistently good, and not to be forgotten was Michael Hordern's Macduff. Only once before, in Francis Lister's rendering, have we seen a more moving interpretation of Macduff's reaction on receiving the news of the murder of his wife and children. Mr. Clunes himself produced the play, and we can only add that the majority of critics did scant justice to an unusually interesting version of Shakespeare's tragedy.

All, however, were agreed on the brilliant revival of Shaw's *Heartbreak House* which followed. Produced by John Fernald with settings by Ronald Brown, *Heartbreak House*, Shaw's excursion in the Russian manner, fascinated from the moment the curtain rose and even the wordiest passages commanded undivided attention. There is no space here to go into the whys and wherefores of Shaw's philosophy, conceived in this case before the 1914 war, yet how apt for today. At the Arts, Captain Shotover was presented by Walter Fitzgerald as a fine-looking old rogue much more compounded of commonsense than madness, and never was there a more fascinating Hesione Hushabye than Catherine Lacey, or a more elegant and socially-conscious Ariadne than Patricia Jessel. Alan Judd was always amusing as Hector, Hesione's deflated husband, and Duncan Lewis a more than plebeian Boss Mangan. Jenny Laird, who gave a most sensitive portrayal of Ellie, representing adventurous youth on the threshold of life, is a young actress to be watched. F.S.

"Seagulls over Sorrento"

HUGH Hastings' comedy of work and friendship in the Royal Navy went over extremely well. Perhaps no play about the Navy could fail. The seagulls, unobtrusive, are really over Scapa. Sorrento expresses that perpetual hankering after something not merely unattainable but indefinable that characterises children, artists and sailors, or so we like to think. The scene is the Mess Deck of a disused island fortress converted into an experimental base, and the set by Michael Weight agreeably supports the illusion. All the characters are volunteers for dangerous peace-time duty. There are no women on the island, but they have their share of the dialogue.

The receipt for this comedy is the sound one followed in *Worm's Eye View*: take a bunch of assorted Service types, sound at heart, and apply one strong irritant to keep them active. Also from *Worm's Eye View* comes Ronald Shiner, the life and soul of the party, making tea, making wise-cracks, answering back and dancing with saucepan lids. It is, indeed, difficult to imagine what the play would be like without Mr. Shiner. Not that it lacks action. There are two

(continued on page 8)

"Carousel"

at

DRURY LANE

•

PICTURES BY

PHOTOCRAFT

• SCENES from the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical success which followed *Oklahoma!* at Drury Lane Theatre. The top picture shows the impressive Prelude in mime, set in the Amusement Park in New England. *Centre, L. to R.*: Marjorie Mars as Mrs. Mullin, Stephen Douglass as Billy Bigelow, Iva Withers as Julie Jordan and Margot Moser as Carrie Pipperidge in Act I, Scene 1; and *left*: Bambi Linn as Louise with Robert Pageat in the brilliant ballet in Act 2. *Carousel* is directed by Rouben Mamoulian with choreography by Agnes de Mille and was of course originally produced by The Theatre Guild in America. The work is based on Ferenc Molnar's *Liliom* as adapted by Benjamin F. Glazer.

Left

FRANCES HYLAND

the 22-year-old actress from the Canadian Prairies, who has followed Renee Asherson as Stella in *A Streetcar Named Desire* at the Aldwych Theatre. Miss Hyland was discovered by Daphne Rye, the H. M. Tennent casting director, at a recent public matinee given by students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Miss Rye afterwards saw Miss Hyland as Genesta in a television performance of *Deep Are the Roots* and invited her to give an audition for the part of Stella. Miss Hyland was advised to go to R.A.D.A. by Mr. Ivor Evans, whom she met in 1948 when, as President of the Arts Council, he was on a lecture tour of Canada.

(Portrait by Angus McBean)

explosions, a man killed, another presumed killed who returns, a meeting of a wronged husband with his wronger, a Petty Officer assaulted and some quiet moments of a sentimental nature, but the image of Mr. Shiner, as Able-Seaman Badger, seems to dominate proceedings. The other parts are admirably taken. Bernard Lee, John Gregson (still threatened with celluloid), and Nigel Stock are more continuously before us but others are very good too when they appear. Peter Gray and Robert Desmond give first-rate officer impressions and William Hartnell deserves much praise for his all-important work as Petty Officer Herbert, the ever-active irritant. Direction is by Wallace Douglas.

The types all seem true but the case of "Sprog," a foundling ignorant of his parentage, who takes pleasure in thinking he might be Italian, must be rare in the Navy.

H.G.M.

"Golden City"

IN *Golden City*, a musical romance by John Lore, directed by Michael Benthall, with dance arrangements by Robert Helpmann, there is a feast for the eyes, one or two snacks for the ears, but little for the understanding. The proscenium opening is always well filled. There is an impressive series of beautiful pictures. The story is, of course, romantic but too obviously so. Many a worse story has been better told in the theatre. One may say the show has everything but is a little tame in words and music. It is like a millionaire's baby, richly dressed and elegantly equipped in every way, but itself a tiny mite, pale and rather weakly.

A musical play must now be judged by the standard set by *Oklahoma!*, a severe test. In respect of decor, however, *Oklahoma!* is here surpassed. Audrey Cruddas' creations are superb. Particularly fine, to name but two scenes, are the castle courtyard and the drawing-room in Tante's house. The costumes have style and agreeable colour blends.

It must be a long time since any theatre in London has offered anything quite so irresistible to the childlike wonder that waits in all audiences to be roused as the Zulus, who dance in a way that recalls the romances of Rider Haggard, and whose leader, Mako Hlubi, swallows fire. One cannot but feel obliged for the trouble taken. Such things are included for good measure as the back view of the Cape Town Theatre Royal stage during a performance, and a fight between two ladies in a Johannesburg saloon. Notable among other extras is a revue item by Moyra Fraser, "The Girl in the Window." Really, the best things are extraneous. But some interest in the story is maintained by the singing of Julia Shelley, as an heiress, Muriel Brunskill as her chaperon and Norman Lawrence as her lover. Acting honours go to Eleanor Summerfield, who also scores with a song about gold-digging and a melancholy monotone about her unrequited love for a twirp.

H.G.M.

"The Merchant of Venice"

THE Merchant of Venice showed an improved standard of acting at Regent's Park, all parts being sustained with a measure of the grace that the hard conditions of the earth and daylight need. Robert Atkins was a living Shylock, not very clean, rather greasy perhaps, carrying about him a strong savour of the ghetto, rather slow and deliberate, but very strong and expressive. His feeling farewell of Jessica, however, was out of key. Michael Godfrey made a brave

Antonio and David Powel gave a clear voice and ready enthusiasm to Gratiano.

Toke Townley, with apparent spontaneity, succeeded in putting over Launcelot Gobbo's buffooneries in manner to spare us any feelings of boredom or embarrassment.

All the casket scenes went well. Antony Eustrel was a sober and stately Morocco; John Nugee brought an arresting voice and an amusing manner to Arragon; and Aubrey Wood's tense Bassanio conveyed the feeling that all was at stake. Ruth Lodge, rather coy at Belmont, was very effective in the Court scene. Judith Stott was rather too much an urchin for Nerissa but hers was a taking performance in its way. Rita Burke seemed ideally suited and made a poetic Jessica. The beautiful moonlight scene was enchanting. Neither moon nor stars appeared but high-powered lamps performed their magic among the trees. H.G.M.

"Black Ey'd Susan"

DELVING still deeper into the 19th century, the management have resurrected *Black Ey'd Susan*, first performed at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, and they have enriched it with airs by Charles Dibdin, whose dates are still earlier. Besides making an antiquaries' picnic, the result has great entertainment value for the public, starting with "Tom Bowling" and ending with "Rule Britannia" and with the Navy prominent throughout in the picturesque costume of the period. The author, Douglas Jerrold, having retired from the Navy himself at the ripe age of 16, the war being over, knew what he was writing about. At 26, he was playwright-in-ordinary at £5 a week for the Surrey and this, his first play there, was a great success.

The present production by Gordon Crier is necessarily tongue-in-cheek. The songs are thrown off by Pat Nye and Julian Somers with unpretentious art.

We have so degenerated that, in these old plays, the villain often seems more rational than the rest of the characters. Far too handsome to be trusted, but unable to wear the black moustache of a later period, the plotter of William's and Susan's ruin, one Doggrass, seems a perfect gentleman but for his dog-whip. He reacts with understandable impatience to the prolix reproaches of the honest Gnathtam and replies with heavy sarcasm. When it is recorded that his interpolation, "And what, since you will talk, said you to the vulture?" sounded the most amusing line ever heard from any stage, it will be realised that John Harvey is a master at putting it over. So is Richard Longman, who gave him a glorious opportunity.

Prominent in the proceedings are Shirley Richards, Bill Shine, John Pentrose, Larry Burns, Arthur Lovegrove and Arthur Bush. Charles Mander presides over William's

(Continued overleaf)

New York City Ballet

MARIA TALLCHIEF

(Photo: by Walter E. Owen)

THIS young and vigorous company, which is the outcome of the partnership between George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein dating from 1934, has had an enthusiastic reception at Covent Garden, where a programme of modern ballets, the majority the work of Balanchine himself, has proved their undoubted technical ability and superb discipline.

The season opened with Balanchine's *Serenade* (to music by Tchaikovsky) and *Symphony in C* (to music by Bizet) and Jerome Robbins' *Age of Anxiety*. *Symphony in C* was wholly satisfying and a work of glittering virtuosity, but though *Serenade* demonstrated to the full Balanchine's skill in devising fascinating new steps and movements it seemed over long and on the whole lacked the precision which was such a delight in his similar work, *Ballet Imperial*. *Age of Anxiety*, on the other hand, was a disappointment and gave a much less illuminating interpretation of its theme than was Helpmann's *Adam Zero*. Robbins is obviously more at his ease in his lighter works like *Dances Free*. This an atmospheric work by Lew Christensen to music by Benjamin Britten was its setting in a circus but at the time of going to press *Facsimile* (devised because of Maria Tallchief's injury) has not yet been seen, and no review is possible of Frederick Ashton's *Illuminations*, first presented on 20th July.

It is difficult to assess in the full the dancing of Maria Tallchief at the date of writing these remarks, though Tamagni Le Clercq has been noticed for her skill and lyric quality. Nor is it easy to judge fully the emotional range of these clever dancers and one misses the opportunity of seeing them in the classical roles.

court martial with such sorrowful dignity that we are almost persuaded to take it seriously. There is attractive scenery by Patrick Lynott. H.G.M.

(The Bedford is closed until the Autumn.)

"Shepherd's Warning"

THE time of Reginald Beckwith's new comedy, presented by Reunion Theatre Guild, is "not quite yet." It supposes that a Communist Government has taken over, following a majority vote at the polls. The scene is Longlaston Manor, in the South of England, where the Raseby family linger on by an arrangement with the National Trust. The opening situation is certainly plausible. The reaction of the members of the small, select circle to the coming of the Commissars is amusing and many of their lines are witty. The best scene comes early, wherein the local postman, delightfully played by Christopher Steele, takes his leave before setting off to Hull, where he has been posted as Commissar. It is soon learned who is to occupy this responsible position in the local area. Two young people, one of each sex (though they have almost succeeded in forgetting sex), arrive like hikers, with North Country speech and Marxist prejudice.

There are two young people, one of each sex, in the Raseby family, and immediately two unlikely attachments are formed and what might have been an original comedy slips into something quite commonplace. Subsequent attempts to lift it out of the shallows only make it worse. For instance, it is not in nature nor very amusing for an old lady to arrive half intoxicated in a strange house, to express there semi-publicly her extreme disappointment with a condition of society she has worked to bring about, to consume more alcohol, to urge the young to go to bed (but not to sleep) and herself exit abruptly. Action is at a standstill during her visit and nobody else seems to have been supplied with dialogue.

Joyce Barbour, whether acting in character or out of character as a woman of title, serves the author faithfully and is always admirable. Jack Allen, as her easy-going, horsey consort, also provides good fun. Henrietta Edwards and Vernon Greeves, on the Raseby side, and Anna Turner and Emrys Jones, as the young commissars, are interesting to watch but not always easy to hear. Henrietta Watson gives, of course, a demonstration of clear articulation as the disappointed pioneer. There is a fine set by Gower Parks.

Since the play has been directed by Henry Kendall, the fact that it often threatens to come to a standstill must be due to the writing. H.G.M.

(Continued on page 32)

Since 1857

Simmons

for

Costumes

B. J. SIMMONS & CO. LTD. 7-8 KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, WC2 Phone: Temple Bar 5568

A scene from Act I, at the moment when the newly-arrived Governor of Salva is acknowledging with his daughter the cheers of the crowd. *L. to R.*: Ian Fleming (the Admiral), Annabel Maule (the Governor's daughter), Eric Portman (the Governor), Sebastian Shaw (the Lieutenant Governor), Linda Gray (the Lieutenant Governor's wife), Arnold Bell (G.O.C.), John Wood (Military Secretary to the Governor), Philip Leaver (Chief of Police, Salva), and Derek Sydney (Salvanese Officer and the Interpreter)

"*His Excellency*"

AT THE PRINCES

DOROTHY and Campbell Christie's new play is both intelligent and entertaining and entirely deserves its success at the Princes Theatre. As outlined in the review last month, *His Excellency*, without taking sides, tells of the impact of a Labour Governor on the life of a British Colony where intrigue and racketeering had taxed the ingenuity of many Governors of the old school. Plain Mr. Harrison from Yorkshire, an ex-Trade Union leader, bursts upon the scene with none of the advantages of the old-type diplomatic *finesse*, but nevertheless, by sheer personality and driving force, manages, after one or two setbacks, to win the confidence of the people and to demonstrate his ability to lead.

In the leading role Eric Portman scores a big personal triumph and is ably supported by the rest of the company under the skilful direction of Charles Hickman.

PICTURES BY ANGUS McBEAN

Lady Kirkman: I've been all round. That's another thing I like about this place. I'd have liked to live there.

A moment near the opening of the play, when the Herald's Room of the Monesta Palace, Salva, is being prepared for the arrival of the new Governor. Lady Kirkman, wife of the Lieut. Governor, had hoped that her husband would be appointed to the vacancy, and views with apprehension the arrival of a Socialist to take up the post.

(*Centre:* Joss Clewes as the manservant.)

Below:

Dobrieda: Hullo! There is my friend the General. I did not see him! Whenever my friend the General is in uniform, I do not see him. I am dazzled by his medals!

Major General Alan Copeland: Well! I don't claim I earned mine, but at least I didn't invent them.

While awaiting the arrival of the Governor from the airfield, the G.O.C. Salva, chaffs Colonel Paul Dobrieda, Chief of Police.

Peggy: "I know Lady Kirkman. Did I ask too many questions?"

When the Governor arrives with his daughter, Peggy, they are found to be very Yorkshire and very forthright and certainly not given to the niceties of diplomatic small talk. But there is a disarming sincerity about them and in spite of herself Lady Kirkman is drawn to the new young hostess of Government House.

Peggy: "Dad! There are thousands of them down there."

The proud moment for Peggy Harrison, ex-WAAF, when she and her father stand on the balcony to acknowledge the cheering of the crowds. Salva has a big naval dockyard and the new Governor is determined to study closely the interests of the workers.

Sir James. You can't impose Income Tax here. The Salvan State Assembly would have to pass it.

His Excellency. Well, let 'em get on with it. We'll make 'em. We've had got some say here.

The next morning His Excellency outlines his plans to Sir James, who, with his long diplomatic training, tries to restrain him. The Governor's idea is to increase the workers' wages, abolish the subsidies and recoup the situation by imposing Income Tax.

Zamarie (Owen Holowes). I . . . Your Excellency, I see I have not yet won your confidence—well, I must wait. And you are right to be cautious. In Salva, we have a saying: "Treat a man as an enemy until he proves himself a friend."

The scene three months later when the Governor tackles the Salvan Prime Minister, who is, however, far too wily to commit himself.

Sir James: 'He's had a message from the Dockyard. The atmosphere at that meeting's becoming a little heated.'

His Excellency: 'Damn!' 'Are they going to turn down these terms?'

Sir James, who has been slightly hurt following a demonstration by agitators when a brick was thrown at his car, warns His Excellency that trouble is brewing. It is obvious that Zamario is behind this new attempt to embarrass the Governor, who thought his terms would be accepted by the workers.

Dabrizd: 'They make speeches. Throw stones, break into shops, start fires, pay off private quarrels. Not the strikers only, all the bad characters come out! In March we had twelve people killed!' His Honour will tell you about March!'

The Chief of Police, who is as corrupt as the rest, announces that he is unable to control the situation. The staff are of the opinion that the troops should be called out, but the Governor, knowing from his own experience what the workers feel about this method of settling strikes, will not at first agree. In the end, however, he is obliged to give the command, and feels that his three months' work has thereby been in vain.

Lady Kirkman James, whatever happens to this man, no one can possibly say it was your fault.

Sir James That's always your first reaction to any crisis, from a European War downwards. By the way, Peggy doesn't know where her father's gone. He didn't want her to.

After the disturbance of the night before in which four had been killed and fourteen injured, the Governor gives permission for the strikers to hold a meeting in the dockyard. The Vice-Admiral, who has opposed His Excellency from the first, threatens to close the Dockyard and so stop the meeting. The Governor has no alternative but to put the Admiral under arrest! a startling innovation!

Below:

Peggy Why did you let him go? Why did you let him go?

Sir James How do you stop your father doing something he wants to?

Later that day Peggy learns that her father has gone to the Dockyard to talk to the strikers.

His Excellency: Then I saw one of 'em bend down and I knew what was coming — that's the thing I didn't reckoned on — there's far too much brick and rubble lying about that place.

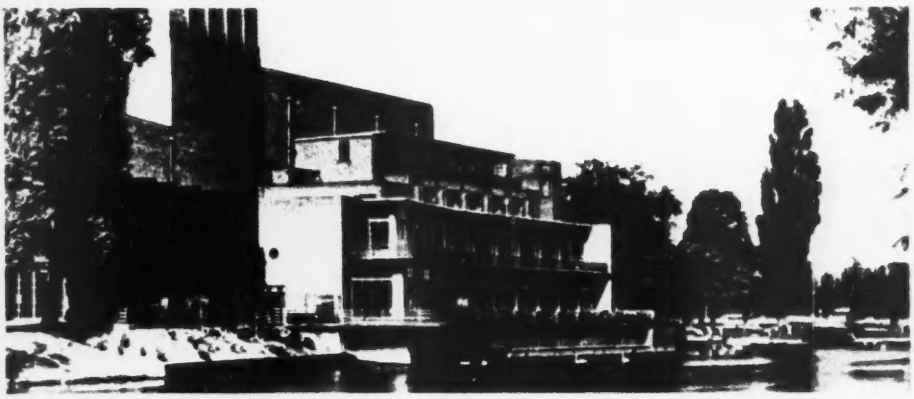
After a long and anxious wait for all at the Palace, the Governor returns bruised and tired, but triumphant, together with his Interpreter. His reception by the strikers had been far from cordial and for some time it looked as though he might lose the day, which, of course, would also have meant the end of his career.

Jackie. That did it, sir . . . that stopped everything. They laughed and laughed until H.E. stopped them. "My friends," he said, and this time in two minutes, no, in one minute, they were his friends. And then, when he had them like that, he fairly took the skin off them.

Jackie, the Interpreter, describes ecstatically how the Governor won his battle with the men by the simple expedient of blowing a whistle, and His Excellency points the narrative by giving a demonstration.

Sir James. Well, I'm delighted to hear it, but what happens next? What are they going to do now?
Jackie. Sir, they are going back . . . they are going back tomorrow.

A moment towards the end of the play.



The Memorial Theatre

The Stratford Season

by H. G. MATTHEWS

THE Shakespeare Festival at Stratford excels all other English festivals in length, in brilliance and in popularity, as indeed it should. The Company this year contains more recognized talent than ever before. The inclusion of John Gielgud has raised its total higher than it has ever been in the past. Having reached its present peak, it may be wondered what more the Memorial Theatre can do to celebrate the Festival of Britain in 1951. People who reply promptly that it could put on more plays perhaps forget that when, a few years ago, it was possible to see six different plays in a week the standard of acting and production was often criticised. There are only five plays planned for this year and two of those are carry-overs from last season. It would not, however, be reasonable to demand a much more inclusive repertoire and to expect the present standard of production to be maintained.

John Gielgud is the dominating figure in this Festival. He may be seen wicked as Angelo, wily as Cassius and whimsical as Benedick; yet none of the three plays in which he appears eclipses in brilliance the play in which he does not: the repetition of Tyrone Guthrie's exhilarating and colourful production of *Henry VIII*, which was chosen for performance recently on the occasion of the first Royal visit to this famous theatre.

This is a triumph of production. The opportunities for pageantry are well taken and the work of Tanya Moiseiwitsch on scenery and costumes shows to admirable effect. The full stage is revealed throughout, whereon is a permanent set containing about six acting "pockets" linked by stairways. Also, the forestage, coming right to the stalls, is much used. Necessary changes in furnishings are swiftly made in a scurry of activity beneath waving banners.

The play, formerly considered of doubtful authorship, seems now to have slid into the canon. Whoever wrote it was a master of stagecraft and a special pleader of great tact. The history is presented as a prelude to the glory of Elizabeth. Katherine has to receive her due and Wolsey his, and so has Buckingham, the first victim of Henry's dictatorship. Three great ones are removed with sympathy, yet without putting the monarch, who decrees their ruin, in an obviously reprehensible position.

Anthony Quayle again plays the King and gives an excellent performance. To the eye, he is an improvement on Holbein. He moves with awkward grandeur and a gross regality seems to radiate from him. We share his disappointment at the birth of a girl and admire his taking of it. Queen Katherine is movingly presented by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, her character realised and her situation truly felt. The Wolsey of Andrew Cruickshank has a recognisable façade. He is the villain of the piece and rather melodramatic. His melodious swan-song seems like the self attentive fluting of a poseur. The casting and treatment of Cranmer is of great interest. Geoffrey Bayldon plays him as a modest and flexible tool, a man of ideas too, surprised and rather frightened to find that his ideas have brought him prominently into favour with his fickle prince.

Leon Quartermaine, in a make-up and costume which bring out a resemblance to portraits of Charles I, is a fine Buckingham, impetuous before his fall and dignified after it. Barbara Jefford brings charm to Anne Bullen and puts vivacity and the challenge of coquetry into the part. Alan Badel does remarkably good work as the Lord Chamberlain. Michael Bates, as Lord Sands, and George Rose, as First Gentleman, work in more comedy than one would look for from

the script, but it is much enjoyed. Michael Gwynn is Duke of Norfolk and, as usual, a joy to follow with eye and ear. Whereas most of the young men seem merely to have learned lines and movements, Michael Gwynn, although recognisable, takes on a character. There is a lot of bad acting in the small parts. The clerics are mostly picturesquely senile, which is quite well. Those who are not senile, however, are as unclerical in speech, manners and movement as barrow boys or gangsters and convey no sense of character, situation or history.

Peter Brook's production of *Measure for Measure* also has a permanent set designed to thrust the action well forward. Vienna seems peopled with a scrofulous rabble, apart from the persons of quality named on the programme. The Duke, whose decision to get away from it all one can well understand, is played by Harry Andrews in the straightforward manner of a minister of destiny. His deputy, Angelo, a man with a past, comes unwilling to his new responsibility and with a troubled mind. John Gielgud's acting seems more real by far than reality itself, because by it reality is rendered transparent. His Angelo, plain of feature and almost elderly, a dry-as-dust with a legal mind, is sinister so far as a real man can be sinister. This is Angelo himself and this performance is terrifying because he is not a monster and there is nothing incomprehensible about him. The great power of John Gielgud is that when he acts a part he makes us thoroughly comprehend it. Every phrase reveals its meaning, and his silences are often dazzling in their luminosity. His looks open to us hidden chambers of the soul. His presence on the stage is as a spot of potent fluid in a beaker causing fermentation. Where he is, there is drama.

Tribute is due to Barbara Jefford for her most moving performance as Isabella. She seems, in the particular sense, a dedicated novice, her extreme youth making her appearance touchingly appropriate and dramatically striking. There are lamps in her eyes and sometimes daggers in her looks. She has wonderful power of dramatic intensity, firmly based on a sure and full imagination and complete grasp of the full meaning of her part in this, as it appears in her passages, pitiful tragedy. An excellent Lucio is provided by Leon Quartermaine, very droll, very apt, very sharp, very dry.

A Court of Law scene is a gift to actors and Pompey's examination is such a precious bowl of punch the only care is lest a drop be wasted. The comedy in this production is full measure. There is fine contrast between the Angelo of John Gielgud, bitterly disdainful and abstracted, and the Escalus of Harold Kasket, tolerant and subtly humorous, opposed to the broadly voluble vulgarity of Pompey, played by George Rose with extra trimmings, and the toothy grin with which Michael Bates punctuates the "nice derangement of epitaphs" of a vacant Elbow.

There is much to take the eye in this clever production. Two things, however, seem inadequate; the song at the Grange; and Barnadine, whose appearance is anti-climax.

The new production of *Julius Caesar* is by Anthony Quayle and Michael Langham. Again there is a permanent set and action is pitched well forward. Brutus and Antony harangue the audience from small square eminences on the forestage, the crowd behind them appearing to be a section of a crowd that surrounds them. Nearer to the

(continued on page 34)

John Gielgud as Benedick and Peggy Ashcroft as Beatrice in John Gielgud's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which was in the repertoire last year with Anthony Quayle and Diana Wynyard in the leading roles.

Norman Lawrence as Danny Martin, the young American engineer working in Cape Town on the installation of the telephone, meets lovely Sarie van Selm (Julia Shelley) and falls in love with her. Their duet, "One White Glove," is one of the many romantic musical numbers.

"Golden City" AT THE ADELPHI

SCENES from the entertaining musical romance set in the Gold Rush days of the 1880's, which, with its brilliant spectacle and vitality, vies with the most luxurious modern American musical. The author and composer, John Lore, a Southern Rhodesian, has provided many tuneful melodies, but chief praise is due to the vigorous direction of Michael Benthall, to Robert Helpmann for many spirited dance arrangements, and to Audrey Cruddas for her outstanding decor.

Nothing has been spared to satisfy the eye and ear, for there is noise in plenty. The elaborately staged Cape Town musical hall scene, the colourful Coons' Carnival, the scenes in the Johannesburg Saloon, with their many touches of real humour, and, finally, the most realistic Zulu uprising, are among many memorable features.

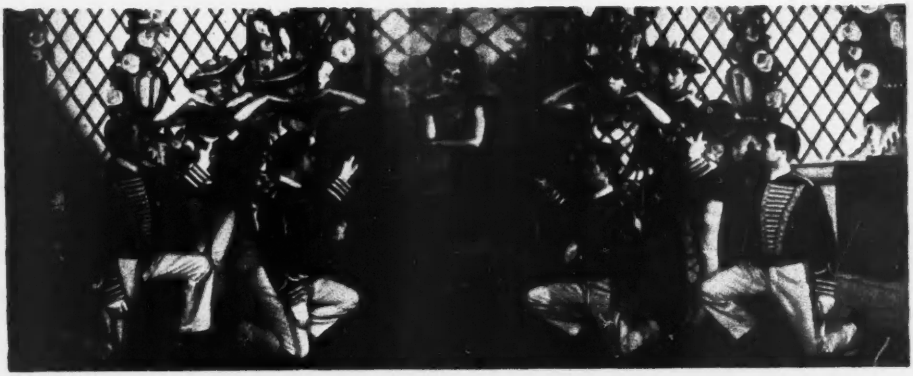
The company is a good one and all are to be congratulated on a worthy effort to lift the British musical out of its traditional rut.

PICTURES BY ANGUS McBEAN

Mabel Page, the unemployed music hall artist in search of a job, finds a motley crowd greeting her on her arrival in Green Market Square, Cape Town. (Eleanor Summerfield as Mabel Page.)

Dirk Marais and Anna van Selm, Sarie's sister, provide the secondary love interest. (Ray Buckingham as Dirk and Judith Whitaker as Anna.)

Mabel finds her way to the Tivoli Theatre to meet the manager Barney Belaney (John Warren) who overhears her singing "What More is There to Say" to the assembled crowd of "turns" and engages her on the spot.



Above:

One of the amusing burlesque scenes in which Moyra Fraser appears with some of the chorus in a number entitled "Girl in the Window."

Right:

The charming scene where Tante de Villiers, guardian of the van Selm sisters, played by opera singer Muriel Brunskill, sings of the old love-making custom, "When the candle burns low," which is a sign that the young men must go on their way.

Right:

The glittering Coons' Carnival, a feature of the last scene of the first half, which takes place in the Castle Courtyard.

Lante de Villiers is horrified to meet an actress from the Tivoli Theatre in company with her wards, Bokkie, Anna and Sarie van Selm. An amusing scene from the play. (*Left*: Leila Roth as Bokkie.)

The adventuress, Katrina du Toit, tries to win Danny from Sarie. (Mary Laura Wood as Katrina.)

Below: The colourful first act finale after the news that gold has been found in the north. The entire company join in singing the theme song, "Golden City."

The scene moves to Johannesburg where gold has been discovered on Sarie's farm. Piet van Niekerk, a young and handsome scoundrel beloved by Mabel, but anxious to marry Sarie for her riches, plots with Katrina to make mischief between Sarie and Danny. Mabel overhears.

Mabel has now become the toast of the town in the Saloon she runs for the gold-diggers, where she entertains with a cabaret and sings one of the hit numbers of the show, "Gold-digging Digger."

Below: Mabel, with chorus, in her saloon, just before the rough and tumble when Mabel and Katrina meet and have a fight.

Danny, sent away by Sarie, who has been persuaded by Piet that he only wants to marry her for the gold on her land, mourns his lost love in Mabel's saloon, and sings "The Prettiest Girl in Town."

Below — In a fit of rage and jealousy, Piet has summoned the unfriendly Zulus to fire Sarie's home and get possession of the land. After a frenzied and exciting fire dance they do his bidding but the boys of Mabel's Saloon arrive in time to save the farm and to drive the Zulus away, re-uniting Sarie and Danny. The closing scene of the play.

Whispers from the Wings

BY LOOKER ON

AS a young actor of thirty, Alec Clunes became responsible for the presentation of plays at the Arts Theatre Club. That was eight years ago, and in the meantime, Mr. Clunes has given 100 plays on his miniature stage and earned an international reputation for his theatre, which, for its size, is probably the most famous in Europe, or America, for that matter.

Both Christopher Fry and Peter Ustinov had their first full length plays presented for the first time on any stage at the Arts. Two years ago Mr. Clunes appeared as Thomas Mendip in *The Lady's Not For Burning*, the part subsequently played by John Gielgud in the West End. After the script of Peter Ustinov's *House at Regrets* had been knocking round the offices of London theatre managers for two years, it was staged at the Arts and hailed as a masterpiece by a young dramatist of unusual promise. This little theatre can proudly boast of having given the first performance on any stage of two plays by James Bridie, *Holy Isle* and *Gog and Magog*; the first London run of Rodney Ackland's version of Ostrovsky's *The Diary of a Scoundrel*; the first performance in England of Jean-Paul Sartre's *Huis Clos*, under the title of *Vicious Circle*; and the first London runs of two distinguished American plays, *Awake and Sing* by Clifford Odets and *The Male Animal* by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent.

Not content to rest on his laurels, Mr. Clunes is eagerly looking for new plays, and, in order to encourage new dramatists, he is offering a prize of £500 in advance royalties to the author of the best play on a theme of contemporary significance submitted before November of this year. Mr. Clunes has always had a soft spot for dramatists, as he believes they need more help and encouragement than any other servants of the theatre. Unlike the actor, the dramatist has no means of serving an apprenticeship. Only by producing plays can he gain a working knowledge of actors and all the theatrical paraphernalia by which the effect of illusion is created on the stage. Yet how few dramatists get an opportunity to learn their job that way!

On his bed-side table Mr. Clunes has an ever-changing stack of scripts, sent in by various authors for consideration, and for the past eight years he has read an average of a play a night before going to sleep. In more than one instance he has found plays, which, though not good enough for production, gave evidence that their authors have a flair for the theatre. He has sent for these would-be dramatists and talked to them, pointing out both the strength and weakness of their work. It gives him great satisfaction to have half-a-dozen promising new writers under his eye. It might be five or six years before one of them shows any result, but if a new Christopher Fry emerges, Mr. Clunes maintains that the years of waiting will not have been wasted.

ALEC CLUNES

as he appeared in the title role of *Macbeth*, chosen to mark the one hundredth production under his aegis at the Arts Theatre Club. Mr. Clunes is running the Old Vic Theatre Company for the 1950 season, the first to take place at the Old Vic Theatre since the war.

(Portrait by Angus McBean)

No one is more aware than Mr. Clunes, after eight years at the Arts, that the director of a theatre must also be a business man. The most magnificent artistic ventures will soon head for disaster unless based on a sound financial foundation. He has also striven to give the theatre a momentum of its own, so that it is no longer essential for him to be there all the time to support the burden on his own shoulders. By enlisting the services of two such imaginative producers as John Fernald and Roy Rich, Mr. Clunes shares his responsibilities and is in a position to accept an occasional engagement in the West End or an offer to make a film. He now has the satisfaction of knowing that the theatre stands a good chance of continuing to pursue its flourishing career, even if fate should prevent him from remaining at the helm.

Every actor and every writer can be sure of receiving careful consideration at the Arts, for no one could accuse Mr. Clunes of being arrogant in his judgment. He is acutely aware of the fact that we are all

(Continued on page 42)

(Picture by Bob Golby)

An action shot of "The Ladies of the Ensemble" from Michael Todd's *Peep Show* currently packing the Winter Garden Theatre in New York

Echoes from Broadway

BY OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT E. MAWBY GREEN

MICHAEL Todd's *Peep Show* designed to leave nothing to the imagination comes across with everything implied in its title and the unabashed blowups outside the theatre so any gullible traveller parted from his $7.20 for an orchestra seat cannot come out of the air conditioned comfort crying he has been cheated, but he might be terribly bewildered trying to figure out why yards and yards of undressed girls, burlesque sketches and double entendre songs should be so dull. He has been told often enough that sex is here to stay so all he need now learn is the corollary to that cliche: "It is better to give than to perceive."

The opening number is one of those old-fashioned girlie parades to a tune entitled "The Model Hasn't Changed," and neither have the lyrics to such songs for the ladies of the ensemble (how did Mr. Todd ever resist calling them Peeperoos?) end up with a flip of the torso and a "hip, hip, hooray." Gorgeously and provocatively stripped by designer Irene Sharaff, the dames in this number give conclusive evidence that with what they've got they don't need talent or a ballerina is a ballerina is a ballerina, a chanteuse is a chanteuse is a chanteuse *but* a dairy is a dairy is a dairy. This is followed by a time honoured burlesque skit, "Street Scene," in which the featured burlesque comics with those wonderfully nostalgic names: "Bozo" Snyder, "Hi Wilberforce" Conley, "Red" Marshall, "Peanuts" Mann and Dick "Gabby" Dana, gather on a street corner for a bit of trollop baiting. Next, a Latin rhythm song suggestively lyriced "You've Never Been Loved (If You've Never Been Loved Below the Border)" and the pattern for the rest of the revue is set. It remains, however, for two wholesome speciality acts to move the audience to audible approval, and no matter how much the girls shake, show, shimmy or bobble their shewobble, they cannot stop the Peiro Brothers, a superb juggling team new to America, and Clifford Guest, a very clever Australian ventriloquist, from garnering the bulk of the applause.

That there was too much bobbling on opening night is attested by the fact that the theatre License Commissioner suggested that Mike Todd tone down several of the numbers if he expected to stay open. All of

which was taken care of to accompanying newspaper fanfare, so, among other items, June Allen no longer twirls in opposite directions the tassels hanging from her balcony; Lilly Christine, "The Cat Girl," whose routine in burlesque was better known as a belly dance, no longer gyrates with such voluptuous velocity, and Tito Valdez, in the male equivalent of a G string, no longer is as successful as the faun in "The Afternoon Of A . . ."

Another good space catcher for Mr. Todd was the announcement before *Peep Show* opened that he had bought several songs from the King of Thailand and a member of his court for inclusion in his high klass honky tonk. Only one of these, "Blue Night," made Broadway, but it won the choice spot of first act finale. It is a "one phrase" song with a minimum of inspiration, but very well orchestrated and serves nicely—and, oh yes, it is not double entendre.

Mention, too, should be made of the one contemporary sketch, "Cocktails At Five," a slapstick take-off of *The Cocktail Party*, which delivers some big, broad laughs as a crew of paper hangers wreck the party and poor Celia ends up a member of the Ubangi tribe to accompanying variations on the line "I want none of your lip."

This sketch, as well as the others, were directed by Mr. Robert Edwin Clark, Esq. (so designated in the programme), who is none other than the American theatre's favourite funny man, Bobby Clark. Forbidden by his doctor to take part in the proceedings, this is Mr. Clark's first stab at directing. As an old burley man, he certainly knows this kind of humour, but his six comedians do not equal one Bobby Clark. If he were appearing in *Peep Show*, Mr. Todd would have the biggest hit of his career for the bouncing Bobby can turn the adjectives vulgar and tasteless to bawdy and side splitting—and terrific box office.

* * *

As its second offering, the Arena Theatre, after showing how a simple one set comedy looks with an audience on all four sides of it (George Kelly's *The Show-Off*, reviewed last month), decided to further explore the potential of this method of presentation and revived Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Not having been seen on Broadway since Orson Welles' memorable modern dress version many years ago, the management had a ready made audience and the run had to be extended, but whether this audience could have supported and made profitable a conventional production of this play in a regular Broadway theatre with today's high costs, is extremely doubtful. (Katharine Hepburn in *As You Like It* ran over 100 performances and ended its New York engagement in the red.) So, perhaps the most interesting thing about this "in-the-round" production is the evidence it gives that Shakespeare and ultimately other classics can be made economically feasible.

Among the artistic disadvantages of this type of staging for Shakespeare is the flat overhead lighting, the loss of pageantry, the limited acting area and the necessity of keeping all four sides happy, which necessitates some fancy footwork on the part of the actors. And, the more amusing misdemeanours of disconcerting the audience with the sight of zippers on Roman uniforms and the showering of them with a Shakespearean spray from the actors' salivary glands. However, by exploiting the great actor-audience intimacy to the hilt, a strong feeling of urgency and participation was achieved by director Dan Levin, by stationing earnest extras around the arena to shout the lines of the mob, although we must admit we were strongly tempted to cry out for the reading of the will while the rest of the mob was still concerned with Brutus and Caesar. (Obviously, Alfred Ryder's Antony did not sway us a bit.) As a matter of fact the direction and performances on the whole were more pedestrian than inspired, and since Shakespeare made of his characters whole men, not just black villains and white heroes, a little subtlety would have been greatly appreciated. Basil Rathbone, taking his cue from John Gielgud, starred as Cassius, the socialist; Joseph Holland, who, because he looked so much like Mussolini, played Caesar in Orson Welles' production, is the current Brutus, the true liberal, and Horace Braham is Caesar, the dictator.

Next, the Arena will experiment with modern opera, and revive Gian - Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* and *The Telephone*.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC & DRAMA

Founded in 1880. Owned and Managed by the Corporation of the City of London. PRINCIPAL **EDRIC CUNDELL**

JOHN CARPENTER STREET, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, E.C.4 *C.B.E., Hon. R.A.M., F.G.S.M.*

DRAMATIC ART AND STAGE TRAINING. Inclusive Courses to meet individual needs. PRIVATE LESSONS in SPEECH TRAINING, PUBLIC SPEAKING, VERSE SPEAKING, SINGING, PIANOFORTE, BALLET, ETC., may be taken separately at moderate fees.

The School remains open in the evening.

The Ministry of Education recognises the Teachers Diploma of Associateship in Speech and Drama and the Diplomas in the teaching of all musical subjects as conferring Qualified Teacher Status for the purposes of the Burnham Scale. Prospectus, all further information from

RAYMOND RAYNER, Secretary.

Telephones: Central 4459, 9677, 3464, 1956

The Watergate Theatre

THE STORY OF LONDON'S NEWEST LITTLE THEATRE

by PENELOPE TURING

IN the midst of theatreland and beneath the Strand lies London's newest little theatre—the Watergate. Its size is tiny, but it is blessed with two great advantages: a good address and a high heart. The address is 29 Buckingham Street where it occupies three cellars under a tall building in one of the steep, narrow streets which plunge from the Strand towards the Thames, and the heart and spirit of the place is due to the faith and enthusiasm of its three women directors and their band of helpers.

* * *

Before the war the premises were used as a Chinese restaurant, but during the bombing the place was gutted and left derelict, a mass of rubble, gaping holes and fallen rafters, and remained so until last year. At that time the building was leased by Elizabeth Denby, the architect and housing consultant, and she together with Velona Pilcher and Elizabeth Sprigge saw the possibilities of building a new and progressive theatre club out of the wreckage. The team is an ideal one for the scheme. Miss Sprigge is the translator and authority on Strindberg, and it was Velona Pilcher who, with Peter Godfrey, founded the famous little Gate Theatre in 1927 which built up an enduring reputation with such productions as *Maya* and *Of Mice and Men*. At the Watergate it is hoped to carry on something of the tradition of the Gate, though their new policy has been widened to include all branches of modern art.

Together these three set about the complicated work of turning their plans into fact, no easy job. Permits had to be obtained to carry out the work, permits for materials, and then the labour and materials themselves had to be found. Capital was small, but an eager band of young supporters, inspired by the prospect of an experimental theatre in which they would be able to try out their own work, formed themselves into the Watergate Workshop and turning to, did much of the redecoration themselves. On 22nd November 1949 the Club rooms were opened with a ceremony at which Dame Sybil Thorndike was present, and on Christmas Eve the theatre itself was opened with two Nativity plays.

* * *

As it now stands the Watergate consists of two very comfortable club rooms, bar and buffet, and the theatre itself, an oblong room seating about seventy which it is planned to increase to a hundred before long with a parquet floor which can be used for dancing when the seats are cleared. The plain white walls are to be decorated with murals specially designed by Chagall. The stage runs the whole width of the hall, twenty-five feet, and is backed by a triple alcove which projects right under the pavement of the Strand. Here, the simplicity which is an essential part of this type of studio theatre has been turned to full advantage, forming the necessary bare bones on which to develop the kind of experimental plays for which it is designed, but it is also fully equipped, and is one of the first theatres to use the new Fluorescent Lighting.

* * *

The two Nativity plays, *The House by the Stable* and *Grab and Grace* were well received by the press, and they were followed by a special entertainments for children during the Christmas holidays. Then on 17th January the Watergate Workshop put on its first production, a programme of one-act plays, Lenormand's *Time is a Dream* and *The Macbeth Murder Mystery* by Thurber. Since then a series of new plays and translations have been given such as Roberto Bracco's *Don Pietro Caruso*, in which Robert Rietty appeared with his father, Victor Rietty, who produced the play; David Gascoyne's *The Hole in the Fourth Wall;* and Beresford Egan's *No Flies on Pegasus*. One of the earlier productions was a programme of *Predicaments and Passions*, in which the predicaments were provided by David Hurst and Patrick Brawn in "All Right, Spring," while the passions were supplied by Rosalinde Fuller in her own adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's novel "Fraulein Else."

* * *

It is impossible not to admire the courage and optimism which has brought this new theatre club into being under our very feet, and so far the standard of acting and production under the exicting conditions of a tiny theatre has been remarkably high. Nothing in the range of modern experiments in any of the arts is beyond its scope, and it is no doubt in the field of the more revolutionary of theatrical experiments, for which it was created, that the Watergate will eventually develop. Here its size and simplicity have the great advantages of low running costs, which will enable them to take risks in putting on new plays which a more elaborate theatre could not chance. If this new venture receives the necessary public support it may one day, under the guidance of its Directors, hold a significant place in the London theatre.

The Magic of De Mille

by ERIC JOHNS

AGNES de MILLE

(Portrait by Maurice Seymour)

AGNES de Mille will go down in theatre history as the girl who broke up the line routines in musical shows. Before she created the dances for the Broadway production of *Oklahoma!* seven years ago, patrons of musical plays were satisfied with lines of high-kicking girls, holding up the plot from time to time while they invaded the stage to execute rather stylised numbers, which frequently seemed to have been inspired by the military precision of the barracks square.

Any show which featured dances of this type today would be considered old-fashioned because Agnes de Mille, in *Oklahoma!* at the Stoll, and in *Carousel*, her latest dancing triumph at Drury Lane, has given her dancers far more significant work to do. Instead of being no more than pleasant interludes, the dance numbers in her shows are wildly exciting dance-dramas, quite as vital as any dialogue scenes, because they so often tell part of the story with a punch and directness beyond the power of speech. Due to the influence of Agnes de Mille, the public expect far more of dancers today. They demand artists who can act and dance with equal facility.

Away back in the 1930's Agnes came over from America to study ballet in London with the great Karsavina, with Koslov and Marie Rambert. No one could have had more thorough training, so when, ten years later, she was invited to undertake the choreography for *Oklahoma!* she insisted upon engaging the finest dancers available in America. Many of her dancing boys and girls had worked with the major ballet companies in both Europe and America and were therefore in a position to understand what Agnes wanted when she set out to introduce a new kind of dancing—dancing with emotion—into musical shows. These youngsters were so highly trained and so enthusiastic about their job that they could do what Agnes *told* them, as she directed rehearsals from a seat in the stalls. It was not necessary to *show* them every move by means of practical demonstration. From her suggestions they were able to cover an area with intelligent moves and fill the blanks in her choreographic design during the early stages of creation. Both Agnes and her dancers have sweated to make dancing good enough to revolutionise the musical show business of four continents.

No one else works in quite the same way as Agnes when called in to provide a show with dance numbers. In the case of *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*, Richard Rodgers who wrote the tuneful music for these two plays, did not provide a score for the ballet. The existing music, consisting mainly of the vocal numbers, was played through on the piano for Agnes, who indicated at which points in the action she thought dancing ought to be introduced. Then she collaborated with her friend, Trudi Rittman, who took the composer's material, and by developing the melodies, provided Agnes with music for her dance creations. As Trudi improvised the development of a basic melody, Agnes set out to match it with a basic movement in dancing. They continued working in the closest collaboration until a final blending of music and movement emerged from their joint efforts and the public were presented with the exciting duel in *Oklahoma!* and the exhilarating beach ballet in *Carousel*.

With a sculptural eye, Agnes treats her dancers like clay to be moulded into shape. At rehearsal she works on these artists in practice costume, until she begins to see her own ideas taking visual form through their movements. Dancers appeal to Agnes because they never come to the theatre with ready-made ideas and high-flown notions

(Continued overleaf)

about their work in the show. Unlike the actress, who has lines to study at home and is liable to arrive at rehearsal with individual ideas about the character in question, the dancer has no script to worry about. She is simply asked to provide an open mind, and be ready to respond intelligently to the choreographer's demands.

Most of the shows for which Agnes has created dances have had long runs and, as in the case of *Carousel* at Drury Lane, the dance numbers invariably earn longer and louder applause than any other feature of the show. These long runs have a curious effect on the dancers. As the de Mille ballets are interpreted by artists of far higher intelligence than the dumb blondes of the line routine era, boredom becomes evident rather earlier in the run. There is no question of dancing mechanically and thinking about something else during the performance. Highly sensitive artists, who bring the breath of realism to these ballets of the new age, find it difficult to repeat the same choreographic pattern every night for two or three years with the right degree of freshness. That is one reason why the dancing personnel of these Rodgers and Hammerstein productions is apt to change from time to time, but because de Mille choreography is born of rich experience and deep thought, the ballets easily survive a change of cast.

Both *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel* opened in London with American dancers in the cast, not because Agnes thinks they are better than British ones, but because she had worked with them in her own country and wanted London to see artists long familiar with her type of dancing, in the first European performances of the ballets. Later British artists replaced the Americans with signal success. Agnes prefers working with youngsters who are not too rigidly grounded in classical ballet, as their pantomime and attitudes are apt to be too artificial and unrelaxed, even in repose. Such dancers have too much to un-learn to make ideal material for a flexible de Mille ballet. In some instances they are called upon to speak. The girl who dances Louise, the child of nature, in *Carousel* has some scenes after the ballet in which, as an important character in the play, she has vital lines to speak. Artists find such a part unusually attractive, as it may lead to their mastering a medium of expression beyond the limited range of dance-mime.

Whispers from the Wings *(Continued)*

fallible, particularly when it comes to passing an opinion upon plays or players. On that account he feels that the door of the theatre should be open to all comers who feel that they have talent to offer. Public opinion will soon decide for them whether or not they can hope for a successful theatrical career. So often has he seen actors make their mark in the West End, even though, as students they failed to create a stir of excitement, and received nothing but discouragement from their tutors and the managers to whom they applied for their first jobs.

New Shows of the Month *(Contd.)*

"The Dish Ran Away"

SINCE people go there to laugh, Jack de Leon and Jack Livesey have provided at the Whitehall a farcical comedy by Graham Fraser said to be "from the French by G. Larue." It is almost unbelievably silly but is so well acted that one stays and marvels. In its crude and childish way it is also very subversive. Good-looking but immoral people with pleasant manners and beautiful natures lead here delightful lives. It sings "Heigh-ho for Sin." Peter Perry, fortunate in a well-paid job which sends him travelling abroad, from a base in a Chelsea flat, where live his wife and his mother, philanders for varying periods with various ladies. This pleasing foible is accepted. The play concerns itself with one, Desiree, the culmination of whose undressing scene is followed through to a result unusual in farce. For Desiree has a baby. All that Shelley asked of women, Peter's wife, mother and mistress exemplify and the birth of this child is more welcomed than deplored.

What would have been said by Jeremy Collier, Mrs. Ormiston Chant or Rev. F. B. Meyer? The coming of Freud has muzzled such moral stalwarts. The Lord Chamberlain's office perhaps consider that the marriage tie is already so loose as to be past their care. Certainly, this is only a comedy. So was *Figaro*, who seems now to have unsettled the social conventions of the late 18th century. Of course, as literature, *The Dish* is as far from Beaumarchais as it is "from the French" of his or any other time. But it breaks new ground; it calmly invades the home with polygamous practices; it appeals to sentiment with its baby who cries just enough; it introduces a song into each act.

Betty Paul's performance as Desiree is continuously highly enjoyable. The piece is not so much a vehicle for her varied artistry, as a game wherein at different points she has to act playfully "in the manner of the word" and at this game she is a champion player. Her songs at the piano, two French and one English, are a joy. Her scenes with the baby are sensibly humorous and there is one brief moment of genuine, unforced, unembarrassing pathos. Briefly, Miss Paul is the play. What it would be like without her it is difficult to say.

The support is perfect. On the farcical side, Frank Leighton as the husband and Shelagh Furley as a Third Act surprise, do first rate work with old material. On the

(Continued on page 30)

comedy side, Emma Treckman as the wife and Winifred Evans as the mother are adept in the art of flattering audiences by appearing what is called "natural."

Leslie French's direction is exemplary. One shudders to think what could (alas, what will) be done with this play. Even as now, much can be said in animadversion, but this, too, is true; ordinary people will greatly enjoy it. H.G.M.

"Always Afternoon"

FRITH Banbury's production of *Always Afternoon*, by Dido Milroy, from a story by Shelagh Fraser, was something better than the Reunion Theatre Guild season had given reason to expect.

The title is taken from Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters," but the analogy will not bear strain. Neither war-weariness nor sheer sloth are treated but chronic and possibly congenital escapism, in the case of a wild and timid girl who at 17 took refuge in the sheltered sanctuary of a formal marriage with her elderly guardian. Since this amiable old gentleman wanted nothing that he could not get from Olwen, his pet rabbit, it must be explained that he had loved hopelessly the girl's mother, long ago.

Decor by Reece Pemberton agreeably sets the living-room of a villa in a fishing village in the Var District of the South of France. Here the old gentleman's unspecified investments maintain him, his rabbit and his young wife, and, later, Andre, a talking torso tingling with Gallic exuberance and vulgar vitality. Andre the blatant seems to be what Laurie the blate has felt the lack of and kind Mr. Phillipson, though he dislikes the young man personally, is understanding and indulgent. Into this Maughamish menage two visitors from England are introduced and are suitably impressed. Jane, an old friend, is warmly welcomed and she affectionately makes allowances, this being her holiday abroad. But her brother, a young professor of zoology, causes much disturbance. For he and Laurie fall in love. Andre is put out in two senses and Jane is not quite pleased. The kind Mr. Phillipson, knowing his Laurie, offers to divorce her, if required, in six months' time. This is not required because Laurie soon finds she cannot leave the hollow Lotus-land and return to civilisation. What, or if, she will do without Andre we are not told.

The play is perfectly cast and convincingly acted. Margaret Johnston gives a sensitive, appealing, lovely performance as Laurie. Ernest Thesiger, who can bestow hauteur upon an invertebrate, easily turns the handicap of a live rabbit to a live asset. Christian Marquand makes a striking and vigorous Andre. Roderick Lovell is suitably restrained as the young English professor and Margaret Diamond as his sister well represents the social order that Laurie cannot face. Cecile Chevreau makes one short but effective appearance as a young French girl who also sees something in Andre.

This is a most interesting play, skilfully shaped, and introducing characters who are all, however withdrawn and unusual, indisputably alive. H.G.M.

"Doctor Morelle"

ON 4th July *Doctor Morelle* by Ernest Dudley and Arthur Watkin was presented at the "Q", Dennis Arundell directing and playing the name part.

In a well-remembered serial feature of the B.B.C. programme, Dr. Morelle had always to establish himself and solve a problem of crime in less time than it takes to smoke a cigarette. His accurate deduction one took for granted. What sticks in the memory is his consistent rudeness to the most inoffensive, most inefficient secretary in fiction, that obvious Aunt Sally, poor Miss Frayle. Though she was there only to be snubbed, one pitied her and heartily disliked her employer. On the stage the problem and its solution have to be much expanded. The authors start one hare and chase another. Manslaughter serves the prologue and murder starts the play. The second victim, as played by Richard Caldicot, was begining to claim some interest when he was killed. Dr. Morelle alone has interest afterwards; and, of course, poor Miss Frayle, brought to life by Jane Grahame, has sympathy.

As with all detective stories, the characters have no character and their speeches are concocted to conceal the little they have. Murderer and murderee are the most agreeable members of the gathering; an arrangement unsatisfactory, unlikely and rather nonsensical. I hope I have not said too much, because it is as a guessing game that the entertainment succeeds.

Dennis Arundell puts an edge on Dr. Morelle's remarks that gives them value in our ears. As night wears on, we know he must be nearer to discovering the criminal and how the victim met his death alone in a locked room. It is unbelievable.

H.G.M.

"Haddock's Eyes"

THIS comedy by Giles Cooper has wit enough for a short sketch but the touch is too heavy for the take-off. We expected to see Wilfred Fletcher as an "aged, aged man," but we were unprepared for such an excessively arch display of facetious senility. Richard Lake's settings and a tiny performance by Geoffrey Chater saved the evening from a dead loss. H.G.M.

Intimate Opera

THE Intimate Opera Company again had their short London season at the Mercury, where they were welcomed by

(*Continued on page 35*)

The Stratford Season *(Contd.)*

audience action cannot go and the next step will be, perhaps, to have some of them back on the sides of the stage again, as they used to be before Garrick cleared them off.

There is no real hero in this play, but hitherto Marcus Brutus, possibly because of his private character, has been regarded as the nearest approximation to hero. High-mindedness and scrupulosity are not dramatic qualities. Cassius is less virtuous but more dynamic and it is extremely interesting to see Cassius played as lead. John Gielgud's Cassius has tremendous force and emerges clearly as the driving agent in the play as well as the engineer of Caesar's overthrow. Brutus is perhaps a more difficult part, because an actor will always have trouble to establish respect for one about to murder. Harry Andrews invests him with an air of generous, natural kindliness and rectitude. He is helped by Gwen Ffangcon-Davies, whose Portia displays such wifely concern as to win sympathy for Brutus as a man who could attract such sentiments and retain such devotion.

Andrew Cruickshank's urbane and unctuous Caesar has a curiously ecclesiastical air and we share Cassius's amazement that

"A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world."

In what seems the comedy of Calpurnia's dream, he resembles a heavily playful, Trollopian parson, with Barbara Jefford for a very young wife. The guilty suspense we endure before the murder is increased by the sight of purple curtains being hung between the open pillars, enclosing Caesar in his ecclesia as in a net. Five times the unsuspecting dictator refuses pardon for the brother of Metellus Cimber, before Casca (curious choice but natural-seeming in Michael Gwynn's playing) strikes the first blow. Then, as it appears, the cairons set upon the bishop in the Chapter House, a shocking and regrettable affair, so much slow and deliberate violence being unnecessary, save for political reasons.

Not even Shakespeare can kill the name part and maintain the interest. It is idle now to speculate whether the falling-off would have been so considerable had he called his play "Et tu, Brute," or "Time's Revenges." After Marcus Antonius has cried, "Havoc," we have had it, as they say. Anthony Quayle is easily equal to the opportunities offered at Caesar's obsequies and fulfils expectations. With Brutus and Cassius so finely played, their quarrel seems more than usually trivial and one has the rare experience, rare in Shakespeare at least, of watching, in the tent scene, two actors who seem too good for their part. Fate's favourite, Octavius, makes his mark in Alan Badel's presentation.

Much Ado About Nothing is John Gielgud's 1949 production with an almost complete change of cast, the sole exception being Dogberry, the limits of whose monstrous and ludicrous nature are again reached successfully by George Rose.

The fascination of this play lies in the fact that Beatrice and Benedick, regarding themselves as satirical onlookers, are for us the focus of attention. This time they have especial interest in that by playing them John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft renew a famous partnership after a separation of five years. This is Miss Ashcroft's first appearance at the Memorial Theatre. Her Beatrice, though kindly and likeable, is rather prim and sober, an intellectual type. Her costume does her ill service and an unbecoming head-dress gives her a severe appearance. Mr. Gielgud's Benedick, also high on the list of wranglers, is nevertheless gay and sprightly. But they have unusual depth and reality and we feel we must, for once, take the courtship rather seriously.

Regarding that other courtship, of Hero by Claudio, which Beatrice and Benedick were prepared with light indulgence to further, Barbara Jefford shows rather more character than Hero needs and is very decorative. She is free of the handicap that the other ladies carry on their heads. (Mariano Andreu's scenery is the same as last year but his costumes seem different.) Young Claudio, so proper, so credulous, and so complaisant in repentance, is pleasantly presented by Eric Lander. Leon Quartermaine is again orange-tawny and Carolean as Don Pedro. The clear tones of Alan Badel put a straight edge on the villainy of Don John. Andrew Cruickshank measures Leonato's phrases with dignity and Harold Kasket draws applause in that effective little scene of the old men's challenge. Antonio's only chance.

The first performance of *King Lear* was rapturously acclaimed and seemed the undisputed summit of achievement of the present Festival. The programme states "Production by John Gielgud and Anthony Quayle with acknowledgments to the late Harley Granville-Barker." Any wish to allot praise under this head must, therefore, be void for vagueness. It is a very civilised production with more of pathos than of passion. Scenery and costumes are credited to Leslie Hurry. Although, as in all the other plays, the set is permanent and unlocalised, it is also picturesque and rather symbolic. Many splendidly dramatic pictures, with lone figures under arches, are arranged. The picture frame is divided into three equal parts by the likeness of a great tree or rock, split down the middle and forced asunder. Thus violent partition is shown before a word is spoken. Lear defies the storm from a platform half-way up the middle opening, which places him exactly in the centre of the picture, and

(Continued on page facing)

The Stratford Season (continued)

the majestic and melodious king, with a seeming-small and terrified Fool crouching low against his robe, is an impressive figure. No noise of tin thunder or wind machinery dispels the illusion, Cedric Thorpe-Davie's storm music does duty to better artistic satisfaction. (It is a pity we cannot have Charles Lamb's opinion on this production.) The storm is the crucial test for producer and actor, and John Gielgud may be described as riding it majestically. Costumes set the characters in the 15th century so that we were not taken back into the dark ages. In particular, the men-at-arms were Germanic and Dureresque.

This Lear was a born king, with a spruce exterior and a cultivated mind. Everything reached him through his brain. Nothing was to him either good or bad but thinking made it so. Whether terrible in wrath or pitiable in affliction he always bore the mark of majesty, a quality of culture. His cursing of Goneril, whereat she seemed to wilt, was terrible, but his pathetic passages were the more memorable. They were slowly played. (The performance occupied 3¼ hours.) They had a moving quality of truth, especially those with Cordelia, while Peggy Ashcroft's Cordelia had the beauty of truth. When she took the old man in her arms to comfort him, she patted his back soothingly, as a mother quiets a troubled child, a slight, gentle, unforgettable touch.

Maxine Audley was palely sinister as Goneril and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies wrapped the inflexible villainy of Regan in the smooth velvet of a rather chatty manner. Leon Quartermaine early won liking for Gloucester, as an old man who could have been liked for amiable foibles in quieter times. Harry Andrews as Edgar with admirable art kept Poor Tom's ravings and capers within certain bounds. The Fool was an appealing creature, whey-faced and whisht, with none of the trappings of motley; instead of a coxcomb, short lank hair; instead of a bauble, a child's broken toy. Alan Badel made him skimble straight to the heart. Michael Gwynn was a mild and temperate Albany and Paul Hardwick harsh and Borgia-like as Cornwall. Nigel Green provided a sharp, glossy, swivel-mannered Edmund and Andrew Cruickshank a bluff Kent, who took on in disguise a broad Scots accent.

We can no longer expect to be swept off our feet in a theatre. Pity moves us rather than terror in the contemplation of our greatest tragedy and this performance excites admiration but not awe. In the present world, the pessimism of *Lear* is easily bearable, being more recognisable and general than in former times.

Have you joined the Theatre Book Club? See details on page four.

New Shows of the Month (continued)

admirers. The company's normal activities, with help from the Arts Council, are mainly educational. Without them, opportunities for hearing and seeing the shorter works of such masters as Purcell and Mozart would be rare indeed.

Mozart's *Bastien and Bastienne* was particularly enjoyable. Perhaps the most successful item, however, was the trio of old English songs sung by Frederick Woodhouse, the indefatigable Director, who also took over the roles of Eric Shilling, who was, alas, unable to appear owing to laryngitis.

The addition of Offenbach's *Jacques and Jacqueline* in a new English libretto by Winfred Radford, a member of the company, brought the programme out of the 18th century and seemed a pleasant relaxation.

H.G.M.

Watergate Theatre

THE *Late Night Revue* by Peter Myers and Lionel Harris is a brisk and witty affair which ripples along and occasionally threatens to slip over the edge, when it is usually saved by a black-out.

Robert Dorning's rapid summary of London theatres and their shows has sly verdicts sure of a laugh. He is also extremely funny on the subject of trans-continental ballet.

H.G.M.

"Theatre World" in Microfilm

THE publishers of *Theatre World* have made an arrangement with University Microfilms of Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A., whereby each volume of *Theatre World* is produced in a single roll of microfilm for distribution to libraries, etc., where they form a lasting record in convenient form long after the printed unbound copies of the magazine have become worn out.

The microfilm is in the form of positive microfilm and is furnished on metal reels suitably labelled. University Microfilms are prepared to supply film copies to subscribers in this country and in Europe as well as in America, and enquiries should be made direct to University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A.

GUIGNARD STUDIO THEATRE

FILM Students FILMED while acting

Acting Faults Corrected

Voice Production, Voice Recording, Microphone Technique, Mime, Movement, Improvisation, Etc.

16 Vacancies available

Acting and Singing - 2 year courses
Day and Evening classes - Scholarships

10 MONMOUTH ROAD - LONDON W2

Amateur Stage

PLAY competitions seldom produce good work. That sweeping generalisation is thrown into the amateur arena for readers to accept or deny, but in support let us quote Mr. Ronald Jeans, whose competence to judge few will dispute, when he adjudicated on the recent full-length play competition organised by the Sussex Playwrights' Club. He stated that he found it extremely difficult to come to a decision as all of the plays submitted were of such a low standard. He finally chose *Consented Together* by Enid Hollins, "as it had an original idea and contained fewer technical faults than the remainder."

It may well be that a full-length play is a more difficult proposition for amateur playwrights than a one-act, for it is true that the legion of one-act play competitions and festivals has produced some interesting work. They are popular, but as a statement of fact it remains valid that your true artist rarely creates to win a competition. Either he has something to say, and says it, or he remains silent.

Next year, however, the Festival of Britain is prompting a number of play competitions, and one of the most tempting seems to be that for full-length plays with £100 royalty prize for a week's production next June at the Playhouse, Kidderminster. Entries must arrive by 31st December next.

Braintree Shakespeare Players adorn their programme of *The Taming of the Shrew* with a line illustration of the little theatre they hope, after ten years activity now completed, to erect in the near future. To seat 200, its stage will be the largest in the district, with space for storing and flying scenery.

Among the autumn releases, from 1st October next, are J. B. Priestley's *Summer Day's Dream*, James Bridie's *Dr. Angelus*, Margery Sharp's *Foolish Gentlewoman*. A month earlier, on 1st September, Sherriff's *Miss Mabel*, and on 1st November *The Late Edwina Black* become available for amateurs. All the above are controlled by Samuel French Ltd.

Special costumes and music will be used in the production of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Pavilion Theatre, Brighton, on 28th-30th August by the local repertory company.

Player-Playwrights are now publishing some members' work. *Shatter Those Dreams* by H. C. Ingram (1/6), won first prize in Edmonton Drama Festival in November 1949.

Middlesbrough Little Theatre have concluded arrangements for transforming Toft House into their little theatre. Three stages will complete the work; first, using the house for rehearsals, scene construction, etc., third, using house, theatre and land to establish a cultural centre for Tees-side.

The Taverners have selected Goldoni's *The Four Beasts* for their summer tour of London area taverns. Mr. Henry McCarthy is the organiser, and inquiries for him should be addressed to Room 167, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.1.

FOR SALE. Record Album of original New York Cast of *Carousel*. Six records 12 in. 1st highest bidder. 110 Onslow Road, Croydon.

FOR SALE. *Theatre World*, June 1939 to June 1950. Missing July 1941, April and May 1947. Also odd copies June 1947. Also *Film Pictorial* Feb. to Sept. 1939 and odd copies June 1948. Good condition. Offers to Marshall, Marbourne Rise, London Road, Daventry.

LONDON'S leading Touring Company (non-profit) seeks regular experienced acting members (costing for new season). Playing London and Home Counties (including cost, theatre, travelling expenses paid). Rehearsals Central London. Write Box No. 400.

SPEECH STUDIO. Students coached for examinations in speech and drama by highly qualified specialists. Actors prepared for auditions. — Apply Graham Scott, Secretary, 95 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5. Telephone: FROghder 8061.

STANISLAVSKY Holiday School. Hotel Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. Classes in Drama, Speech, Training, Movement, Music, Improvisation, Talks on Stanislavsky System. Apply Secretary (SLO. 1040, RAY 2931). Vacancies Autumn Term Full-time Training Evening Classes. Two SCHOLARSHIPS Men Students.

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating for the Playwright, Author and Scenario Writer. Personal supervision. Berston, 91 Priory Road, London, S.W.6. MAI 4391.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Before a Fall. Comedy in one act, by Godfrey Harrison. English Theatre Guild. 1/6.

Spinsters in the Sun. Play for nine women in one act, by Lilian Denham. English Theatre Guild. 1/6.

Home is Tomorrow. Play in two acts, by J. B. Priestley. S. French. 5/-.

The Perfect Woman. Farce in three acts, by Wallace Geoffrey and Basil Mitchell. S. French. 5/-.

A Provincial Lady, by Ivan Turgenev; a new version by Miles Malleson. S. French. 2/-.

Happy the Bride. Play in one act by Roland Pertwee. English Theatre Guild. 1/6.

Life's Like That. Play in one act by Campbell Robson. S. French. 1/6.

The Spanish Lady. Play for seven women in one act, by L. B. Morris. S. French. 1/6.

Before the Party. Play in two acts by Rodney Ackland. S. French. 5/-.

The Shadow. Drama in three acts, by H. F. Maltby. S. French. 5/-.

Mountain Air. Comedy in three acts, by Ronald Wilkinson. S. French. 5/-.

Mate in Three. Comedy in four acts, by Edu Garde Peach. S. French. 4/-.

A Woman's Place. Comedy in three acts, by Wendy Grimwood. S. French. 5/-.

A Doll's House. By Henrik Ibsen. English version by Norman Ginsburg. S. French. 5/-.

BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF SPEECH TRAINING AND DRAMATIC ART
Queen's College, Camphers, Paradise Street, Birmingham 1
Auditions for the Full-time Stage and Teachers' Speech and Drama Training Courses are now being arranged.
For Syllabus and particulars apply to the Secretary.

Dinely Rehearsal Studios
Office: 1 Devonshire Terrace
Marylebone High Street W.1
Opposite Royal Academy Music, Baker St. & Regent Hs. Stns.
STUDIOS FOR HIRE from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
SATURDAY WELBECK 6804
INCLUDED WELBECK 9907

TRIX
QUALITY SOUND EQUIPMENT
★ Used by numerous London and Provincial Theatres. Equipment available on hire for long or short periods, also for amateur productions, etc.
THE TRIX ELECTRICAL CO. Ltd., 1 S Maple Place
Tottenham Court Rd. W.1. Museum 5817 (4 lines)

The Florence Moore Theatre Studios
Patrons: Donald Wolfit, E. Guy Pertwee, Marie Ault, Abraham Sofaer, Margaret Halstan
Training in all branches of
THEATRE-CRAFT
All enquiries to The Secretary
25 Brunswick Road, Hove 2, Sussex - Tel: Hove 33587

SLIM IN 6 WEEKS
OR MONEY REFUNDED
Revolutionary fully treatment, nothing to take, internally, no exercises, no regime, dieting. For free explanatory booklet (in plain envelope) attach name and address to this advertisement and post to SLIMSWELL (Dept. S.6), 1 Grand Parade, Brighton.

NEW "DEANE" PLAYS
THE LADY PURRS by Ted Willis 6w 5m
THE RETURN OF PEGGY ATHERTON by Malcom Stewart 3w 5m
THE KEY OF THE HOUSE by W. A. Darlington 7w 4m
ITS A JOB TO KEEP MARRIED by Stuart Ready 7w 4m
FAMILY COACH by Cyril Grainger 4w 4m
HEADLINE FAMILY by M. Cosens & B. Girvin 5w 5m
HAPPY BIRTHDAY by Ralph Baker 6w 4m
Plays sent on approval
H. F. W. DEANE & SONS LTD
31 MUSEUM STREET LONDON, WC1

FRENCH'S
THE HOUSE FOR PLAYS
Established 1830
THE GUIDE TO SELECTING PLAYS
An entirely revised post-war edition
Over 400 pages
Price 2s. 6d. Packing and Postage 4d.
SAMUEL FRENCH LTD Tem. Bar 1515
26 Southampton St., Strand, LONDON, WC2

WEBBER-DOUGLAS SCHOOL of SINGING and DRAMATIC ART LTD
Director: W. JOHNSTONE DOUGLAS
FULL DRAMATIC TRAINING
Scholarships for men available
PRIVATE SINGING LESSONS
For Prospectus apply Secretary
CLAREVILLE STREET S.W.7
(FRE 29/8)

Now available for Amateurs
THE LISBON STORY
A PLAY WITH MUSIC
Vocal Score and Libretto Published
OUR LIST INCLUDES—
TOM JONES - WALTZES FROM VIENNA - MERRIE ENGLAND
WILD VIOLETS - THE THREE MUSKETEERS - SHOW BOAT
For melodious music, entertaining stories and fine chorus work these plays are unsurpassed.
FULL DETAILS FROM—
CHAPPELL & CO LTD
50 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1 Tel. Mayfair 7600

PLAYS available to AMATEUR SOCIETIES
include Two new Releases and recent West End successes:
THE PARAGON 5m 4f 1 set
TWO DOZEN RED ROSES (Comedy) 3m 2f 1 set
Also available:
SCHOOL FOR SPINSTERS (Comedy) 3m 5f 1 set
LADIES IN RETIREMENT (Thriller) 1m 6f 1 set
WASN'T IT ODD? (Comedy) 3m 6f 1 set
MONEY BY WIRE (Farce) 5m 5f 1 set
THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER (Thriller) 6m 4f 1 set
TO KILL A CAT (Comedy drama) 6m 4f 1 set
ALL PLAYS SENT ON APPROVAL
Send for FULL CATALOGUE (Price 6d. Post free) to:
ENGLISH THEATRE GUILD LTD
75 BERWICK STREET - LONDON, W1

Printed in Great Britain by THE LEWES PRESS (Wightman & Co. Ltd.), Friars Walk, Lewes, for the Proprietors and Publishers, PRACTICAL PRESS LTD., 1 Dorset Buildings, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 1 Dorset Buildings, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Tel.: CENtral 1555.

HAMPTONS

One Hundred
Years
Reputation
for
Furniture
and
Decoration.

HAMPTON & SONS LD.
PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1